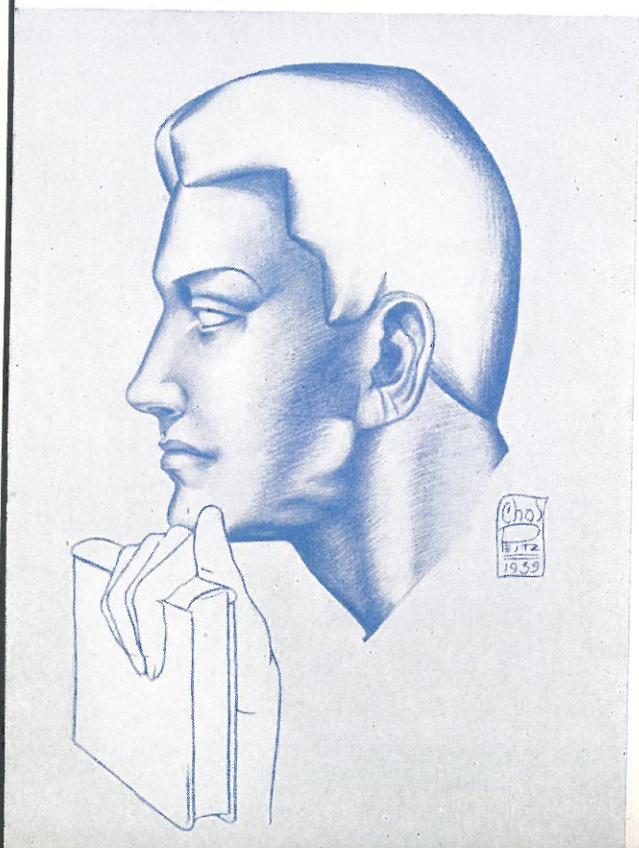


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No. 1

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Standing Room Only

RICHARD J. SCHEIBER

In this article Mr. Scheiber will help you to a remembering love of things past, a sentiment which should grow and develop in the course of a true college education. Yet, the glory of curtains, ropes, and lights, now dusty with age, takes away the dry note of learning; there is here delight and richness of experience—all this is synonymous with the stage.

"Ahem. Pardon me, but do you think they'd allow me in there without a ticket after all these years?"

A wizened little man was atop a ladder in front of the old Grand theater, trying his utmost to install this final three-sheet before getting across town to home and a good dinner. Sid didn't know what to think when he heard that soft, almost pleading salutation. The smooth voice at the bottom of the ladder started playing again. Sid scurried down off his ladder, and the three sheet hung like a condemned man.

"You better look out on those ladders, Sid," the voice went on. "Yep, you're still the same little old prop-man's dream of the stage days. Little more hunched maybe. Little older than the time we packed 'em for a month on 'Maytime,' but you don't age that much in twenty-five years, Sid, now do you?"

The voice belonged to a long, lean thin man in a tan topcoat. Sid couldn't shake for a while the thought of the Missus' pork chops. But when the dawn broke across his face like the flare of a thousand house lights, old Murphy flashed his gold teeth in a smile that remembered innumerable first openings, just like "Maytime," back in the pre-war era. The rail-like man in the tan topcoat was one of the prop men here at the Grand during the decade when people thought of traveling troupes and grease-paint when they wanted solace and entertainment. Sid caught up with the present.

"Addie Turban! Where in the name of tarnation did you come from? Now don't say you're back to handle the business for 'The Student Prince,' or maybe its——."

"No, Sid. Turban just came back. I'll never get out of this old time end of the show game. Things got dull in New York 'til the new fall reviews come in, so I figured that Addie Turban ought to head for Ohio. You know, Sid, we're no different from Carroll and Kibbee and Eddie Cantor when they used to mug around out front here for the morning pipe before rehearsal. Each one of those three came back here more than

once. They were in the chips when they played a 'Grand booking.' Yep, a return to the scene of former triumphs, that's Turban this time, Sid."

"You look flush, Addie," Sid broke in. "Flew down this time, too. There's chips in Broadway since you learned to be a prop man in the big time. Why'd you say you came back? Just to visit, eh?"

The man started stroking Sid's ladder a little uncomfortably. Instead of answering he gazed around. There was a bright, gaudy frame and the sheet Sid was putting into it said that "Forty Gangsters in '39," a Metrograph production, starring actors that only a fifteen-cent house could appreciate, was opening with a "second feature and serial" here in the Grand tonight.

"Great show tonight, not so, Sid?"

"They're all alike these days, Addie, in this house. You shouldn't have come back here because it isn't very healthy to think what this old house used to be, and what it is since the new theater sprung up downstreet. They leased us, you know. Keeps out foreign competition. Few shows a week we run at the Grand. Guess we can live or die up here for all the difference our box office shows."

Fast times. But Addie Turban walked inside the sloping, leaning marble lobby behind his former partner behind the back-drops and wondered what manner of progress this could be. The New Yorker who temporarily returned to the town of his younger days, visualized the highlighted Sunday nights back around 1910 when this lobby held gowns and full dress. People paid two-fifty per then, he mused.

"And today in the same surroundings almost identically, we run two-bit shoot-'em-ups and wild west serials. They even left the same furniture in the office."

Sid really used to talk like that. On rare occasions when the old stand-bys were available, the former higher ups of the legitimate days would rally 'round the tables down the street. In other jobs now since the flickers came in, they argued incessantly whether or not "Pinafore" broke the all-time house record or not. Parenthetically, these of the old vanguard during their gatherings never questioned the right of the movies to invade their domain. Assiduously they kept clear of that touchy subject. Real veterans who remembered only the froth and fluff of the lusty, standing-room-only days!

Turban felt strange in his old haunts. He felt like a war horse returned to his home stall behind the lines. He felt the tug and he wanted to answer it. There was the hundred thousand stuck away in the Chase bank just off Fifth Avenue. He could buy this place and destroy every vestige of the halcyon, profitable days. Remodel it and fight those tycoons down the street with their new theater. He belonged in their seat, not they. Maybe he could make something out of the decrepit old Grand.

"Hey, Addie," beckoned Sid from down near the pit. "Remember how they used to marvel about that ceiling? That scene of Heaven up there is prob'ly the closest we'll ever get to real angels. Those little lights up there around are all shot now. Paint's getting rusty on those clouds, too, but that's the way we knew her twenty-five years ago."

The thin man began chiming in now and then, too. "Yeah, and remember how Earl Carroll used to slip into the Palace next door every morning for his orange juice. 'Can't rehearse without it.' Good trouper, Carroll was. He's made now. And so are Fields and Dressler and the rest of that old bunch. Guess you're the only one who stuck when the films came flooding in. Yep, Sid, at least you still tend the house and run the lights for the high school plays." Turban looked at the old steps leading up to the stage from the pit. Thirty years ago that night pompadoured ushers would have been dashing up them across the lights with flowers and cards of appreciation. This evening they'd use the same stile for Bank Night announcements.

Here is what the poet would call the "dusk of the Gods." No place enjoyed more popularity during the big days. No place was so completely shoved into dusty oblivion. To retrace a minute, a winking fountain of a sign with its myriad greens, reds and blues once flickered high over the street. In a lavish profusion of stills and brass frames, show billing out front heralded the current stage production. Two-fifty was ample admission, but patrons got their money's worth, then.

In the foyer there used to be amber lights in abundance, at that time the universal guarantee for the romantic and ecstatic setting that every theater strove for. Lustrous drapes, the angel-murals and the varicolored lights awed the first nighters. Here was the supreme escape in the times when roads led nowhere and the horse instead of cylinders took care of getting people where they wanted to go.

"Funny that the moguls down the street never thought about remodeling this place," ventured Turban, who with Sid was stumbling through the darkness of the area-way, bent for backstage. "They haven't changed a thing. Not a thing."

"She's still the same." Sid was peering up into the grid from which all the stage ropes hung, ninety feet above the floor. Sid and Addie paused a moment, like sorrowful relatives before a cemetery grave. Both recalled when a score of stage hands swarmed all over the presently desolate spot. The crews used to work night and day hanging elaborate scenes on these same rotted strands stretching up into the darkness of the roof.

"I'll never forget the pair of camels we had back here for the 'Desert Sheik'," said Sid when the silence broke.

"Yeah," said Turban. "It's a wonder you can't tell today that we had those darn things back here. Talk about ammonia!"

The pair went down the worn stairs, past the boiler to a row of old-

time dressing rooms. Trucks rumbled up and down the alley outside but down in the dank cellar was door after door. Most of them still had calendars of 1916 tacked on them. On one was a clipping from the Tribune:

Backstage Pair Say That
Theater Will Return
After the War

The backstage pair was Sid and Addie. In those times the men who knew the light board and stage property were more of community figures than the mayor.

"We were right, Sid, only the flickers bought the house and beat us to it."

Addie Turban's big bank roll settled beyond a doubt that he had played smart since the war. He began mooning again as he thought of the little Chase bank just off Fifth. But then he remembered Sid before he got gray; the days of checkered suits and pompish doormen; flowers after last curtain and the boss out front beaming into his account book. The vision of silken travelers swirled before him as they did when a triple border played on them from above. Encores, music, the waiting carriages out front, the gowns. The man in the tan topcoat took a breath and smelled once again the faint trace of powder and grease paint—and the camels!

The man in the forks of the road was no different from the Broadway showman with a glimmering idea.

Sid never noticed outwardly the way his former partner stood there backstage in the semigloom, a bundle of contradictions.

"Look, Addie," called Sid again. "Over here in the corner. I never let them take this thing away. It always takes me back."

Turban's big idea died out like a cigaret in a rainstorm. His shoulders sagged a little as he turned away and thought of the stage ropes when they were new; of those angels in the Heaven scene when they actually seemed to fly.

Sid dragged out the sign and set it high on a pile of moth-eaten scenery. There was still the faint shimmer of gold letters on mahogany. Sid brushed off the remaining dust and one Albert Turban, the best prop man in Ohio before the war, shook a little and thought about the next train east. Both looked at the old box-office sign and said nothing.

"Standing Room Only."

Figures of The Cloisters

ARTHUR LOEW.

Not often does a young mind show such a deep reaction to old things as does Arthur Loew in this article on an Old World Spot in New York City. Even those who have never seen this treasure-house of beauty may easily grasp his fundamental theme: that the Middle Ages live for us most in their Catholicity.

Many or all of us at some time or other in our lives have dreamed about a thing which few of us have found—treasure. Daily we have searched for it. Daily we have returned baffled, thinking there is nothing more to find, or at least what is left is not worth searching for. Those of us that go on living with such an idea are sadly mistaken. We have missed one thing, and that is to look beneath the surface of what we already have. We see great things, hear great speeches and pieces of music but they mean little to us. We have not stopped to analyze them, for if we did, their significance would soon come to the front and we should see their beauty. Until we get the significance of these fine things of art our mind invariably turns to the question of their material worth and goes no deeper.

What passes through our mind as we gaze at some old monastery high up on a cliff hidden by a grove of trees? It is beautifully constructed. To us it is a building, nothing else. To others, who see its value, it is priceless on account of the great work of art which it is.

Looking under the surface we may ask, "what are the Cloisters?" True, they are something about which many in the world have a stilted idea, associating them with sack-cloth, prayer, and penance, forgetting that joy, entertainment and work had their place side by side with prayer. It is also the home of studies, of research, of beauty. Under the careful guidance of masters, sculptors, and artists, teachers were sent forth to enlighten the world. They left us statues, books, paintings, and many other things to be studied. Today we are preserving many of these monuments for future generations. For their books and collections they built large libraries, for their worship great churches were constructed. To these were added the other necessary buildings of shelter, work and protection, all comprising the monastery.

The larger part of the monasteries are in the old world, dating back to the Middle Ages, when only two religions were known, Catholicity and paganism. They were founded in the woods, wilderness and swamps, away from the body of population to have more solitude and quiet for

their daily tasks. Like snow flakes they covered the face of Europe and Western Asia. After the Americas were settled the cloister made its way here and has played quite a part in the preservation and propagation of the old studies. In New York City today, stands a building and collection of Medieval Art known as "The Cloisters." Here are collected some of the finest pieces of work that are to be seen, sculpturing, painting, tapestry, and architecture, most of which have been brought from the old country.

The building is constructed after the plan of an old European monastery, and many of the columns, arches, stained glass windows, and woodwork, were brought from museums and old monasteries, then transported to America. Here they were put into "The Cloisters," the walls of which are of hand-hewn and hand-sawed rock to give the appearance of age.

Within, the monastery is fixed up as an art institute. Works brought from one country or monastery are set and built together in one room named after it. Priceless statues are housed there and beautiful paintings adorn the walls. They are gems set in gold, real works of art, into which many a man poured his heart and soul, showing the ideal of the time in which they were wrought.

One other work of beauty that is also seen in The Cloisters is the tapestries. Looking at these, hand-woven as they were, we see years of hard labor worked in between the delicate threads of the picture. This is one of the many qualities that make them beautiful and interesting: they are an open book of history for anyone, who cares to look thereon, to read.

Proceeding from here we could enumerate many more things of beauty hidden in the monasteries, but for now we will take only the ones mentioned above. To study them would take several life times because their qualities are so great.

Looking at these works of art, we see one note that seldom strikes our mind and that is their Catholicity. In the cloisters of the old world people were Catholic-minded, showing their religion in many ways. Each did it according to the temperament of his nature. Here were carved and built into wood and stone the inner reactions of man's heart towards religion. The idea of what the world would think never bothered them. They were perpetuating their sentiments of religion and of heaven.

With these as their ideals we can well realize the atmosphere of a monastery. Joy and happiness was abundant, but not the happiness which many of us know. It was the joy of serving God in some special way. To Him they had dedicated their lives and God rewards in a special way those who are generous to Him. Prayer and inward recollection showed them many things which are not otherwise seen. Their God was their greatest joy.

Imagine the glory of working in this state of life, doing something which few others have done. It is something different, uplifting, helpful. Worldly honors or defeats caused them no anxiety but for God they would pour the last drop of their life blood.

Serving God in this way was also colorful. It changed the heart from bitterness to joy and charity, as it helped them to be more friendly with each other, for over them all they knew, was the loving care of their Virgin Mother and Her Son Jesus.

Viewed as great works of art, in this light, they will mean more to us. They give us an insight into the life of the people of that time.

To better show that aspect of their life let us take the statue of the Virgin and Child carved in France during the fourteenth century. We may say that it is just as any other statue. In external appearance this may be true but in regard to its meaning it is not true. It was carved according to an ideal showing the humanity of Christ against the forgetfulness of man towards his God. To the author of this work, Christ was a living Man, kind, loving, and charitable. Although Lord of the universe, He is not as a haughty king but a merciful, loving Father. Although He knows His future struggles and crosses, on His face is seen a sweet smile of joy and resignation, telling mankind how life should be viewed.

The Virgin mother, on whose arm He rests, is cut in a majestic pose, softened by the fine robes, curves and grace of her posture. On her head rests a crown which shows her to be Queen. The smile, kind, sweet and loving, points her out as the Mother of God, our Mother. Her inward recollection and prayerful meditation shines forth from the depth of her quiet yet bright eyes. Who could look at a statue of this type and see nothing but its worth in earthly coin?

In another part of the cloister is a statue of St. Joseph, of Spanish origin, carved about the first quarter of the twelfth century, which is taken as a detail from the Adoration of the Magi. Here we see the value and dignity of work against the adoration of wealth. This is brought out more forcefully when we realize that this statue depicts Joseph during the time that the Magi were presenting the Christ Child with costly gifts. The look on his face is not one of avarice and joy because he is now richer in earthly goods, but of quiet and tranquil repose which comes after a day of strenuous labor. Sleep is always welcome to a hard working man. His repose is restful, his conscience clear. At one glance we see on his care-worn face the expression of tender love for his God and devotion to his work. He has labored for God and if it is God's will that his station in life be hard work, he is resigned. Shame is not seen near his brow, singling out for us the fact that manual labor is not dignified.

To get still deeper the feelings of the cloistered inhabitants we shall discuss a little French statue of an Angel, carved in the late thirteenth

century. It brings to us the very significant meaning of the life and joy of the spiritual realm against materialism.

A seraphic being radiant with joy because it is with God. It has no worldly care. Materialism counts for nothing, if spiritual life and joy do not reign supreme in the soul. In the smile of the angel we see the happiness that comes from living for God alone.

Happiness! Yes, happiness was one of the true notes of the Middle Ages. The three statues studied above show the Catholicity and happiness of that time. They lead us right into the heart of those people. If their mind and soul had not been filled with the love of God, they could not have made those same qualities stand out in their work. The best went for God because He deserved it. Without Him their life would have been empty and bare. Here in these monuments of art we have the fullness of their life, the soul of the Mediaeval times, pouring out its happiness to teach the world of today a better way of life.

On Doors

LEO GAULRAPP

Unless we are badly mistaken, you will, immediately after the reading of this essay, be conscious of the next door through which you pass. Reality here taken on a new meaning through the meditation of Mr. Gaulrapp. Simply because facts are facts, doors come to possess a deeper meaning; therefore you must be cautiously aware of them.

SLAMMED DOORS on just the right moods are second to the devil as tempters to some violent outburst. I'm not in a dangerous way now, so nothing interesting will happen. Doors are here, there, most any place but nowhere. They are so often thrust upon me, they make me muse.

Of course, I don't claim any remembrance of my first attempts at opening doors. My successes or disappointments have faded away. Now I am much entertained when watching a youngster who is stretching with much effort (comparatively) for a door handle. To get through that door is to overcome an obstacle. To obstruct is a purpose which, in general, could be attributed to all doors. They close off one thing from another—the outside from the inside, the inside from the outside, both sides from either side.

Doors are installed to be closed, not to stay open. (If I said "most doors were for closing an entrance on occasion" I might parry any possible opposition from house arrangers with different views.) Closed doors are interesting topics. Writers of fiction have made mystery gather 'round the idea. Salesmen turning away after futile knocks have seen disappointment caused by them. People who wait before them dig up indescribable conjectures on the subject.

If variety of musings could make the success of the house peddler, I could not think of a surer gamble for job-forsaken individuals to pursue and win on. (But remember the *if*.) Go up the classiest streets in town to get the most varied ideas, and I'm tempted to say some of the best disappointments.

One rings the bell or drops the knocker. (Culture is even considerate of the caller's knuckles.) Then, between the summons and the possible answer, is the time doors have their chance to attract one's interest. I have often tried to picture in some vague way what will appear when the door is removed. It isn't really very fair to judge characters from their door settings. I stand before a heavy door, centered with that coat-of-arms styled knocker on which I have just experimented. If I were a peddler who could best hope for a strike with a feminine compound on

the other side of my harangue, I would call a butler's appearance in this instance a nitro-glycerine routing of my musings at the door. Of course, more interesting and delightful results than that can occur. I've known when a door opening was a form of drawing the curtain from a beautiful product of sculpture.

There is also the closed door which (I have always imagined, for as yet I cannot tread on experience) makes a person break out into what is called a cold sweat. I am considering the closed door that screens off the doctor or a nurse. A hospital can have its corridors lined with these non-transparent planks. This is the door behind which you know vital activity is present. When that activity has a vital interest to you, all is between you and the other side of that door.

I wonder what interesting things could be discovered if doors were so many photographic films to record all antics of a person standing before them? Think of all those who readjust themselves before these imaginary mirrors—the man or woman, summoned to the boss's office, wants to put a tidy front to the best advantage: a person wants to set his mood and visage before he passes through the door and lets the fellow on the other side have it, a culprit stands before an official door not believing the carpet he's fated to be raised on will prove so Persian. I've seen some of the poorest excuses for looking at ease, in the attitude struck by amateur actors who stand a few cues distant from passing through a flimsy scene door that yet holds without all the effects of a darkened audience.

But after all there are many doors over which we all have power. They are closed or opened almost at our will. These doors, that are ever potentially open to us, give a bit to think about. Here I need not wade in mere speculation, but rather can enjoy some fond recall.

Think of the one that means home. It sweeps ever inward for us. Being away from home for a long stretch at a time is what makes the mere door of this magnet so extra delightful. This door one does not stand before to wonder what goes on behind, what state of affairs it withholds from view. Rather one can open and shut it upon himself to muse lovingly on what he knows it encloses.

I have in mind yet two other doors a man can open if he will, but different from those above. I hope I don't seem fanciful. The entrance door of a person's heart is the most interesting thing to the imagination. Here an intriguing idea is juggled around in the imagination. There should be team work. We knock on a heart when we get acquainted. 'Tis opened when acquaintance is not allowed to become a dead letter. When at last the door of a heart is responsive, opened in welcome unending, we find friendship.

The men who have numbered the bones and tagged all the muscles do not teach that the heart is the home-center of love. But I cannot desert this time-worn idea. I always feel it is a pivot, a fountain, where affection is strong and appreciation swells. Of course a heart can be closed

like a door to a peddler. Yet here and there I find the finer results. The temple-heart of a friend, the villa-heart of a lover are home-doors to open retreats for the soul. When my mileage on dirt has worn out the soles of my lease, I've one last portal at which to pause and knock for admission. I have to look perfect when the door is unbolted. Then I will push my last passage so far beyond that all things will be open.

The Negro and Education

ROBERT LECHNER

Quietly and sanely, Mr. Lechner pleads for the cause of his fellowman. His writing is infused with justice as it is with charity. The seriousness of this problem merits the attention of every sincere reader.

FROM THE DATE of the introduction of Negro slavery as a general system in the American colonies, down to the present day, the race problem has cast its dark shadow over the land. Emancipation, as was fondly hoped, failed to solve the ethical race problems. It is true, the Negro was freed from the bonds of servitude but he was forced to seek an existence in an economic world ruled by passion for power and profit with a total disregard for moral consequences. As the years rolled on the shadows darkened rather than declined.

Looking through the eyes of human sentiment or dividend, men have invented all sorts of arguments to prove the mental and moral inferiority of the Negro. Reason after reason has been advanced to prove his inaptitude for education that he might remain an industrial slave—a means of cheap labor. It is accepted as a general truth that the Negro is inherently unmoral, adverse to culture and is extremely low in intellectual ability. Granting that such a generalization has some foundation in truth, then, should not the Negro be given a special opportunity to overcome these “offensive” traits and develop to the fullest extent the talents that he possesses?

“No man,” says St. Thomas, “can live without pleasure. Therefore, a man deprived of the pleasures of the spirit goes over to the pleasure of the flesh.” Can we not find in the above doctrine reason enough for the present status of the Negro? Need we revert to such mythical and ambiguous terms as “race inferiority” and “essential difference” to satisfy our motive for branding the Negro as sensuous and voluptuous? Have we so warped our reason with prejudice that we will deprive a person of his right and then condemn him for not possessing the inheritance of this right? When we see Negroes working under an inhuman speed-up at starvation wages and herded like brutes into crowded lodging houses under filthy and degrading conditions because they are unable to compete with their white brothers, do we not feel the least bit guilty? Can we truthfully tell ourselves that these conditions are not the result of our own failure to live and act as Christians—our own failure to recognize Christ in the Negro? Can we say that we have not been hating Christ and denying Him in the Negro? “As long as you did it to one of these,

my least brethren, you did it to me." What reply can we make to these words of Christ?

The very fact that there is in the Negro group a large per cent of retarded and underprivileged members, is sufficient reason in itself for a larger educational expenditure to overcome these difficulties. Instead, the Negro finds himself segregated in institutions where the funds allotted for education are but a fraction of the amount needed to furnish adequate facilities. It is not difficult to foresee the impossibility of duplicating facilities in education as we ascend into the field of the college and university. The Negro has been refused a chance for advancement because of his abilities; he has been unable to improve his talents because of denied opportunities. Can we expect him to equal the attainments of the white man if we continually deny him the chance to prove himself?

Social Justice is concerned for two reasons with education: (1) Every person has a right to the satisfaction and content which education affords. This not only affects the individual but, also, the group to which he belongs. (2) Under present conditions education is not only the key to opportunity, but has become indispensable to the enjoyment of the opportunities of which modern civilization boasts. In view of these two reasons it is not difficult to see that a denial of equality in the educational field is a denial of a primary human right. The Negro sees in education the principal means of overcoming the handicaps of his race, and his first concern is to obtain an education, despite the inconvenience and limitations of segregated institutions.

We are not so much concerned with public school education, as public funds provide separate schools for colored children in sections where segregation is necessary by law, although, such funds are allotted with much inequality. But, where does the Catholic Negro stand with reference to education? The Negro expects from the Catholic Church a finer disregard of prejudice and a higher wisdom than is found in a worldly society. If segregation is offensive in secular fields, it is doubly so in the field of Religion. Can we say that Negroes are always accepted in Catholic schools without prejudice and on an equal basis with the white students? How often, when dealing with Negroes, do we forget that the Catholic Church with all its facilities was founded to instruct all men how to save their souls? Every Catholic knows that the Negro is a member of the Mystical Body and is no less important than the Irish or Americans, and has a divine right to all the benefits flowing from this spiritual relation. How often, because of sentimentality or prejudice, do we deny this belief through our actions?

In season and out of season the Catholic Church vigorously insists upon the fundamental obligation of every Catholic parent to send their children to a Catholic school. She enforces her discipline on all men, without distinction of race, inherent traits, personal tastes, or any consideration whatsoever. She seeks favor from no man and fears nothing in the en-

forcement of her divine laws. But—is the need of a Catholic education really so vital as implied in the obligations so strongly set forth by the Church? Is what we tell ourselves concerning the evils of a god-less education really true? If these be true are they any less true for the Negro? What rational explanation can we give the Negro for a policy that actually excludes him from Catholic institutions and in some instances even from churches? We claim that he is inherently un-moral and, inversely, we act as if he were singularly free from all temptations and pitfalls of life.

How completely deceived are those who condescend to bestow charity upon the Negro with no thought of the rights that are denied him. "Charity can not take the place of justice strictly due and unfairly withheld," writes Pope Pius XI. The charity of Christ presupposes justice. The elevation both moral and intellectual of the Negro is plainly demanded by every argument of reason, patriotism and religion. An intelligent being, no less than we, his very nature pleads for the cultivation of his nobler faculties. Christ died for all men, wishing all to come to the knowledge of truth and share the blessings of divine grace, without distinction of Jew or Gentile, Black or White. The Negro has been freed from the shackles of temporal slavery but those of ignorance and sin are still as fast as ever and will so remain until we who have the power to loose them will do so.

Catholic Theater--A Dream

WILLIAM PEITZ

Taking himself away from the business of designing stage sets, Mr. Peitz, a Sophomore, turns to the task of writing of a favorite theme. His evidence assumes its greatest value from this, that it is a clarification of facts often forgotten. The reader, too, will find the conclusion inescapable.

THE CONDITION of the American Theatre clearly suggests the need for the establishment of a Catholic Theatre, a theatre for the purpose of presenting drama in conformity with the principles of the Catholic Church.

In order to consider properly the problem which exemplifies itself in the American Theatre, it is necessary to rid our minds of popular misconceptions concerning the place of drama in the scheme of things. The more absurd of these is the belief that the purpose of the theatre is chiefly one of entertainment. The history of the theatre proves this erroneous. Certainly its form is that of entertainment, but its four great flowering periods were fundamentally educational and religious in their appeal. The other misconception attributes the decline of the road companies to the economic depression. The road lost its appeal for the same reason that Broadway has begun to lose its influence. It has sold the heritage of the people for a mess of box-office receipts.

The nature of the drama necessitates its commercial production. However, there are certain faults in this commercial process which are directly responsible for the conditions now existing in the theatre. If one were to analyze methods of production now being employed on Broadway, he would readily come to this conclusion. Producers have come to buy only what they think will sell at a profit. They question not a play's artistic worth, but buy merely for public consumption. Plays are not staged because of their beauty, but because they make money for exploiters of art. To say that these producers have not given us some beautiful and artistic productions would be false. However, it was merely incidental and often times accidental that beauty and art were there.

It is through the very nature of the drama that the audience associates itself with the principal characters of a play. This being the case, much vicarious love and hatred, anger and envy, and all other emotions can be allowed unlimited reign in a single evening. People, because of convention and various other reasons, will not place themselves in certain cir-

cumstances, but will gloat in following their heroes through these numerous experiences. Producers have learned that vicarious wickedness pays. They take advantage of that human peculiarity; they are not concerned with public morals. Salacious lines here and there and questionable plots are worthwhile in their power to rustle the greenbacks into the "Box."

With the decline of the road the Little Theatre came into being. It was born as a protest against existing conditions in the professional theatre. Wayside theatres in the form of barns and old dilapidated halls soon dotted the countryside. Some groups gained recognition. With hope and enthusiasm this crusade was welcomed; the movement expanded and developed, and promised much.

However, in many cases, it was soon caught in the nets of commercialism. Many Little Theatre producers began to employ methods taught them by their elder brothers on Broadway. Except for the Civic Theatre and a few others the movement developed into a rather profitable business. Again, art and morality were often ignored.

The rise of the Little Theatre created a demand for directors and other people of artistic and technical skill. On the College and University fell the responsibility of supplying this demand. Thousands of dollars were invested in building up efficient Drama Departments. Hundreds of able men and women were turned out to lead in the establishment of more Little Theatres.

Production standards of College drama departments, at first very high, developed into a standard not much higher than that exemplified by "Broadway Hits." In many cases, in fact, former Broadway productions became the chief source of material for college production. However, to imply that all college drama groups have not done good work would be utterly false. Many of them have done splendid work, but for the most part our colleges and universities have established precedent none too edifying.

If there be any cure for the conditions now existing in our theatres, whether professional or otherwise, it rests in the elevation of public taste and the adoption of esthetic norms. If the sins of commercialism have to a great extent degraded and deprived the theatre of its honor and influence, the elevation of taste can restore it to its proper place. The drama will not be saved unless such positive action is taken. In this regard, the position of influence of the College and Little Theatre cannot be overestimated. By the adoption of a high standard of production they can prejudice the minds of the theatre's future audience into accepting only the truly beautiful and truly artistic. By their proper training and encouragement of the theatre's future artists the position of the drama can possibly be restored.

With the foregoing consideration clearly established in their minds several hundred representatives of Catholic drama in America met in Chicago in the summer of 1937 to organize the Catholic Theatre Confer-

ence. Their first objective was the establishment of a Catholic Theatre by the propagation of Catholic Theatre. Secondly, the crystallization of artistic and dramatic ideals. Thirdly, the formation of a nationally united effort to save the drama and to make the theatre an instrument of Truth, Good, and Beauty. Their aims are idealistic and perhaps difficult to attain. Any attempt toward the realization of these ends will require the support and cooperation of all Catholics of the theatre.

The most fundamental need, if the ideals of this movement are to be realized, is for Catholic plays—plays in conformity with the principles of Catholic philosophy. At present the output of Catholic drama by Catholic writers is inadequate. Catholic Theatre needs plays to fill the longstanding void. Plays—not only for the Catholic stage, but for the stage in general. For the most part the plays which have been submitted by Catholic writers for production have been impracticable. In striving to write Catholic plays many of these sincere writers have failed to create plays truly dramatic, truly artistic; and even in some cases, truly Catholic. Can plays which are merely about Catholics or about characters coincidental with Catholic life, be classified as Catholic?

Shadow and Substance and *Father Malachy's Miracle*, two of the most delightful productions of the past season, are positive proof that there is a market for Catholic Theatre on Broadway. Although there is a divided opinion concerning their Catholicity, their success should serve sufficient proof that the writing of Catholic drama is no fruitless endeavor. The demand for Catholic drama is great. The supplying of this need is directly a challenge to Catholic playwrights.

The Catholic Little Theatres spread throughout the country at the present time, although few in number, are making their presence felt. Most of them are doing splendid work. If they are to grow, more capable actors, directors, designers, stage workers, and executives must be enlisted to the cause. Willing and capable workers are always needed, but the artistic Catholic play is needed most of all. When Catholic playwrights realize that they have a potential audience to see their works, then the Catholic Little Theatre will get the best to attract its audience.

The Catholic Colleges can do much to assure the success of the Catholic Theatre Conference. If the objective of the Conference is to be realized, the support of these groups is necessary. However, our Catholic Colleges, with but few exceptions, have done little to further this worthy cause. Only a few groups have given their cooperation and support by producing plays in accordance with standards set down by the conference. Why? Are our College drama groups indifferent toward the Catholic Theatre Movement? Are they ignorant of their responsibility?

Possibly many of these groups are asking: Of what immediate value can the Conference be to us? Without a doubt the Conference can be a great benefit to them. If both organizations cooperate they can do

much to help each other. The Conference can aid the College group through the services which it offers to its members. These are: first, *Catholic Theatre*, the official organ of the Catholic Theatre Conference, through which much desired information is given. Secondly, a play list, composed of plays of various types, suitable for production by Catholic groups. Thirdly, the publication of new plays. Fourthly, lecture and speaker service.

In attempting to excuse their indifference many of these college drama groups perhaps point out the fact that there is a great void of suitable Catholic plays. We all readily admit the scarcity of, and need for such drama. But even so, why have these groups failed to make use of those suitable plays, however few, which are available through the Catholic Theatre Conference? How many of them also take a positive stand in the encouragement and production of Catholic drama? How many of them also take a positive stand in the encouragement of playwriting by College students? In all probability the results of an investigation at this time in this regard would not prove very enlightening. Our colleges have failed to produce playwrights of true ability. Certainly there is some talent existing there, however dormant. It must be brought forth by proper encouragement and guidance.

The establishment of a Catholic Theatre in America is the responsibility of all Catholics of the Theatre. It requires cooperation and a bit of organization. The problems existing in the American Theatre are readily seen; their solutions are seen. Now is the time for a bit of practical Catholic action. To all Catholics of the Theatre, the salvation of the drama is a direct challenge.

EDITORIALS

Policy . . .

JAMES H. COONEY

The annual culmination of Catholic College careers is an event of special import, demanding attention from those concerned, expressly the graduates of the future. This in itself seems unimportant enough, until individually we wonder just how well our education is preparing us for what may confront us in the future.

In analyzing the various elements that constitute a college education we find the courses offered to be the ultimate constituent. Fundamentally and under this category lay religion and philosophy. Of the latter we may feel assured that any philosophy we learn in a Catholic college is authentic. Based on that of St. Thomas, Scholastic Philosophy has a most firm foundation. The growing trend toward Scholasticism in non-Catholic institutions of learning is only a small indication of the realization that it is the only real philosophy. It may be true, philosophy lends practice in deep, comprehensive thinking, but what benefit can possibly be derived if we receive this practice on a false foundation. Obviously no benefit whatsoever.

Apparently there is no doubt as to the validity or non-validity of Modern Philosophy. Real philosophers and followers of St. Thomas readily see the shallowness of Modernism, while those studying it too willingly accept its theories, blinded by its false pretenses. But we in Catholic colleges need have no fear in this respect. We have to take nothing for granted, our philosophical conclusions are based on logical and most fundamental arguments.

Aside from philosophy, yet hand in hand with it, is Religion. We cannot criticize other educational methods of religious teaching because there are no others in secular colleges. All we can do in that regard is hope that one day the unfortunates neglected will get the opportunity with which we have been blessed. But, with our relation to religion in Catholic colleges as it is, we can be most thankful. We are in constant communication with the incarnate Son of God, with no overpowering force attempting to tear us away from our faith and convictions.

With philosophy and religion courses we account for the fundamental and basic elements in specific education. But then there are the cultural studies that are not to be denied their position in curricula. English, an appreciation of the arts, foreign languages, and history may be considered in the classification. A mastership of the mother tongue is an envious accomplishment. A general knowledge of English and American letters

is an asset to anyone desiring a distinct place in current society. An appreciation of the arts and a study of foreign languages will only be pursued by those interested foremost in culture. They retain a deserving rank in studies although they are held secondary to more tangible courses. History, a study of events, customs and personalities of the past affords to its disciples, background. It illustrates the why and wherefore of our present customs. History finds for itself scores of followers who may choose it as their major object of pursuit or as an accompanying study.

Then we come upon the practical or worldly studies. These are for the majority of students the essence of education. To more aptly put it, these are the courses that are most likely to return a greater amount of dollars and cents to the graduate. And after all what things worthwhile in this world of ours are not measured in dollars and cents? That is a question too seldom asked and can only be answered to those few who have sufficient imagination to consider the issue. However, specialized courses differ little in either Catholic or non-Catholic colleges other than that Catholicism lies beneath the theories of practical courses taught in Catholic institutions.

Beyond studies and curricular work, yet an integral part of college activity, are sports and campus organizations. Engaging in athletic competition by all means should be encouraged if a student is physically fit and can afford the time required. Athletics are the education of the body and builders of sportsmanship, but should not be entered into to the detriment of scholastic training. The last thought also applies to organizations. They offer experience in their fields, returning benefits proportionate to the amount of effort spent in their behalf. Under the classification of campus activities and organizations lie literary journals.

Literary publications serve a definite purpose to the undergraduate. They afford him an opportunity to express his thoughts on typical subjects, an opportunity to share views with others. MEASURE, as other publications, has behind it a definite purpose. As a Catholic publication it is a disciple of Catholic Action. MEASURE attempts to show the Faith in action. To give a true picture of an active living of the Faith, one that is full and rich with vitality. Now, this can only be accomplished by stimulating the interest of the students and its readers. It desires to have each student a contributor either actively or passively. The magazine represents the student, making his participation in its endeavor a point in his favor.

As we mentioned before, Catholic Action is the underlying theme of MEASURE. The staff, as members of the laity, wish to actively participate in the apostolate of the hierarchy. To do our humble bit to further the cause of action is our desire. To instill conviction of the worthiness of action in the hearts of our readers is our ultimate goal. In this trying world of today, in which we live, there is a growing need for an active body of laymen. We do not mean Catholic Action to be a reason

for the waving of arms and futile cries. We mean action as exemplified by the Enquiry method as set down by Paul McGuire. Namely, the observation, judgment and action. Almost inevitably this method will terminate in an act, and if it is a result of careful observation and prudent judgment, it will end in a beautiful act. So with MEASURE let us more actively indulge in the cause of Catholic Action.

Another purpose of MEASURE is the cause of Catholic education. For a true, living Catholic seeking education it is the only effective method. Education in worldly affairs is shallow without the true background of Christianity accompanying it. Then, too, MEASURE, by virtue of its position as a student periodical, offers the student an outlet for his creative writing. With the present facilities in our Catholic colleges as they are, there should be more outside evidence of our producing novelists, short-story writers, essayists, and playwrights.

Moreover, to be informative is another endeavor. This may be accomplished by either book reviews, theatrical reviews or expository themes. To be informative is to attempt to give valuable information that the ordinary student will not receive in his classes. In this respect as well as others MEASURE is trying to elaborate on the point of education in offering a means to a more thorough preparation for the future.

And last in its program, our magazine must be beneficial to the students in a critical respect. Criticism is an important factor in the building of men. Only men can accept it in the right spirit and benefit by it. By the critical aspect we mean in our specific instance, critical of each other, in Catholic life and Catholic education. In employing MEASURE as a means of expressing our thoughts and views to others and sharing their opinions in turn we are subject to criticism, constructive criticism. To see our mistakes and profit by them is a virtue of which we may well be proud. So in using MEASURE for that which it is intended to be used, in the sense of fair play cooperate in accepting criticism and in justly administering it.

In these pages reside our platform and the work resulting from it. MEASURE attempts to complete the elements that go toward giving the Catholic college student a full, rich, and vital living Faith. If this can be accomplished we shall not only be benefitted but we shall greatly appreciate it when we face the world.

Friend or Enemy . . .

LEO GAULRAPP.

From out the endless line of ever appearing new approaches to subject matter, I take the magazine of pictures. This has held the stage for the past several years and apparently has no intention of abandoning the foot-

lights. Publications like *Life* or *Action* are in my mind. They have swept the country, telling the news from all over the world in photographs, bringing old- and new-fangled art before us in actual reproduction. These magazines are partial to no phase of activity that stands a chance of being caught in a photographic lens.

Any observation shows that this novel way of presenting interesting matter is extremely popular. I could hardly state the reasons for this. The magazine of pictures has a great appeal. All its pages are easily perused; its content rapidly seized. This means something to men who must ever hurry from one place to another, the traveler, who finds in this a pleasing way to pass time spent over wheels. The idle, listless moments that enter everybody's daily course are nicely filled now and then with this innovation.

There is something worthwhile in this type of magazine. We are shown places and people which many of us never hope to see in actuality. It thus builds up experience though it be somewhat secondhand, and limited. It is often an answer (though the camera has its tricks) to the query, "Show me!"

Now another form of magazine, old in time by comparison, but not in subjects, is known to all. The printed word plays a very important role in the world's daily routine. Of course I do not have newspapers and their relatives in mind now. To be specific I am thinking of the magazines that are delivery-agents of peoples opinions, theories, ideas; spreaders of pen-artists' (of at least tolerable writers') creations.

To thinking mankind the literary journal is very appealing. We find the expression of men's thoughts interesting, and, if challenging, no fighting spirit lets them go. Creations of the pen are enjoyable, showing us the unreal, even the impossible.

The literary journal is indeed an asset of ours. While I would not par this penned expression with a viva voce passing on of knowledge, I picture it as a great lecturing agent reaching all at all times.

Will there be a conflict, a dangerous competition between the magazine of pictures and the literary journal? Will the former cause dust to form on the latter?

The literary journal must never be displaced by this innovation of

picture expression. Thinking is man's greatest and most pleasing function. The literary journal provokes this indispensable activity.

Picture treatment of anything is attention drawing. It advertizes things but is in many ways limited. Limited in the first place to subjects that can be pictured and limited even in these subjects to hard and fast surface. It cannot of itself bring out any workings of the mind. This new product of recent years is dangerously popular. Not dangerous to that body of men who were born thinkers, but dangerous to that run of people who take mental exercises in the absolute minimum dose. Now, photos, just news-pictures, shots of curiosity, are not brain-expanding. They are never jaunts into speculation; they cannot answer the one cry the human race constantly utters in common, "*Why?*" Undue predominance of photo-lore, to the displacement of even a small part of printed expression, will cool to some degree the mental aggressiveness, and (if for comparison I may borrow a law from science) as shows the mental aggressiveness of this group of the present living so in like degree will its culture deteriorate.

Penned expression of people is a form of presentation all embracing. The camera is blind in numerous fields. The pen marches on with the mind. No subject field is closed to it. This makes the literary production so important. The numerous productions viewed in a mass do not disappoint the hunt of anyone.

The camera should not split from the pen. How pleasing are illustrations serving the written works. When these two delightful factors team together subjects are not broken. The pen slides on while the camera gets in its cues when possible, thus keeping vibrant a theme which can lend itself to this lens-factor. The imagination, the mind's most prized aid, is thus put to work.

But be such desirable cooperation as it may, it certainly is a duty of our civilization to combat any production which leads from the track of intelligent writing. Not to crush such advances, anything with good qualities should be encouraged to continue its existence. But, to apply the old rule of order, "*Everything in its place,*" make it a point to properly subordinate the magazine that frames the camera to the literary outpouring that pedestals a mind-active culture.

The Calliope Man

JOSEPH DELL.

The calliope's throaty toot and piping whistle have lured boys since the days of the earliest circus. Years have made it sacred, something never to be soiled by the ingenious hands of man. Joseph Dell, a Sophomore in the Religious student body, tells the story of an old steam-artist, and captures all the pathos of the machine age.

"Whoopee, the circus is coming to town tomorrow," we shouted as we danced with joy on the sidewalk before a picture of a clown announcing the annual event to the population of Carrville. Although the population was small the circus was a gala event for the young and old, farmers and townfolk.

Time dragged on slowly for young anxious hearts. But the morrow came. That morning I was up as the first gray streak of light touched my closed eyes. I was early, but the fellows were earlier. My breakfast half-eaten, I joined them as we sped to the circus grounds. There we watched the big tent and the booths go up, the sweaty men at their fascinating work, the animals tired after their journey, and later the preparations for the parade.

That was when I saw him. In the shade of what looked to be a big wagon with bronze embellishments he sat complacently smoking a cut-off pipe. He was dressed in a blue uniform with gold braid and brass buttons. His gray head wreathed with a halo of blue and white smoke was cocked at a slight angle, his gray, dreaming eyes viewed the turmoil without seeing, his ears seemed deaf to the noise, and thus he sat propped against the wheel with his lanky legs stretched out in easy abandon. Amid all the feverish bustling and activity around this oasis, he was serenely at peace in a little haven of restfulness.

"Say, Mister, what is that thing?" I piped up curiously. I always was the ringleader although only eight years old.

Turning his head toward us, but retaining the cock, he said, "Well now, sonny, I guess you might call it a music box."

"How does it go?"

"Do you see those horses up front?" he asked, pointing at the four-horse team. "That's what makes it go," he continued, with a slight twinkle in his eyes.

"Ah, I didn't mean that. What makes the music?"

"Now, that's a long story. Did you ever carve a whistle from a green willow?"

I hadn't, but I had seen one. I told him so.

"Well, that's almost the same way this works. Steam. Only it's played something like a piano or an organ."

"Say, what's your name?" he continued.

"Jimmy. And this is Skinny, Joe, and Slim," I said, pointing to my three little friends.

"What's yours?"

"Pete."

At that moment we heard a shrill whistle above the din. The parade was getting under way.

"I have to be going now." And with these words he unravelled himself and stood up where his six feet some odd inches tall seemed like six miles to us. And with one easy step, but none too graceful, he was perched on his "music box."

The parade moved out of the circus grounds on to the black ribbon stretching between the craning necks of an eager crowd as they struggled for vantage positions on the sidewalk. Despite the crowd and the policemen we followed the parade up street and down street until it passed my house.

Here in a now much thinned crowd we were able to run beside our newly adopted friend when suddenly I heard,

"Jimmy," in a soft, low voice easily recognizable. It was mother.

I shouted, "So long, Pete."

He waved his lengthy arm in farewell.

A year passed and again the circus was in town. A year older and just a wee bit wiser we impatiently sought Pete in the early morning. This time he was stretched out on the sunny side of his wagon where the light dew had disappeared. He had pulled a battered slouch hat low over his half-closed eyes. He looked somewhat haggard after the all-night grind. Before we could decide whether to rouse him or let him rest he saw us. He even remembered us.

"Hello," he said in that deep familiar way.

"Hi-yah, Pete," we answered.

"That's a calliope," I immediately burst out. I never could retain information for long.

"Well, ain't that something? I ran this here music box nigh on thirty-five years and you tell me it's a calliope," he drawled out sadly, but with a half-smile playing around his pipe.

"Now see here, young fellow, I'm going to show you a few things you don't know." As he said this he got up and started away beckoning us to follow him. When we returned from our tour of inspection he flopped against the wheel on the other side of the wagon.

"It's dry now," he said, patting the grass with outstretched hand.

"I suppose the grass has stopped crying."

"Aw, go on. Grass doesn't cry."

"What, didn't you know that during the night the grass cries because it's afraid of the darkness, and then when the morning comes the sun's rays wipe the tears dry? Why you told me this was a calliope, and now I find out you don't even know that grass cries during the night. If it doesn't how then does it get wet? It surely doesn't rain every night?"

"I don't believe that the grass cries. But I don't know what makes it wet."

"Well, some day when you learn all about such things you come and explain them to an old man who doesn't know any better."

"It's time I got ready for the parade so I must be going now. I'll see you later."

Year after year passed. I grew up. Then came the most memorable year of all. I had ceased my early morning visits to the circus grounds. When the parade would pass I would wave and then later in the day we would get together for our annual conversation.

So that morning Dad and I sat on the porch in mid-morning. He was busily engaged with the morning paper while I was reflecting on my odd friendship with the calliope-man and wondering at how little I knew about him even after all these years. All I knew was that his parents had been killed when he was small, forcing him to make his way in life. He joined a circus and ever since had played the calliope. Even his name was a mystery. He was just plain Pete.

From time to time I glanced anxiously at my watch. This year I had plenty of news, good news, to tell my friend. During the year Dad had invented something remarkable in the music world. For years he had worked at it at the Dane Music Co. and now at last he had made real an inner ideal. I was sure my friend would be interested in this as he was in all else concerning me. Oh, I had plenty to tell him. I was graduated in June and now was working for the Dane Music Co. He would be glad to hear this because in his own peculiar way he had continually urged me to persevere in my studies and some day I would be a success. Well, I had a good start anyway.

From a distance I could faintly distinguish music, the herald of the parade. My heart beat faster. Soon he would be coming. It sure would be good to see his lengthy wave and that smile radiating from his half-cocked head.

Around the corner came the parade. Surely he would not be in the front, but in his usual position about a third of the way back. More and more of the parade passed by, the music boomed louder and louder till at last around the corner came the calliope. My heart stopped.

"Look, son. See there's another use my invention has been put to," proudly exclaimed Dad at my side.

I saw. The calliope man was missing. Gone, but never forgotten.

Exchanges

JOHN J. MORRISON.

In our exchange department in MEASURE during the past year we devoted our space to a detailed criticism of a small number of college publications in each issue. We did not, however, confine our work to these magazines alone, but we made an attempt to read all of the exchanges that came to us and then selected for evaluation those which we thought to be representative, or exceptionally good or bad.

Since we last went to press, the summer issues of many of our exchanges have come into our files, and they are at hand for us to review now if we care to do so. But we do not feel that any great amount of good will be accomplished by offering critical estimations of these publications, for in most cases the staffs of the magazines have changed considerably and any criticism that we might make or suggestions that we might offer would not be of the same value that they might have been if the same writers were at work this year. We feel too that our first inclination would be to compare current issues of our exchanges with those which we have seen and read in the past. As far as appearance, makeup, and the physical elements of a magazine are concerned such a plan might be fair enough. With regard to the original written material that is presented, however, such a plan may be unfair for the writers are not so experienced as they would be if they have been writing in previous years. Everybody then will start off with a clean slate as far as the exchange department of MEASURE is concerned. Past performances of publications that are not new to us will be ignored as much as possible. We will try to make our criticism and evaluations absolute rather than relative.

Conditions up to date regarding material available for criticism in the current issue of MEASURE being much the same as those that faced us when the Autumn issue for the 1938-1939 season went to press, we will devote our space to the same end to which it was devoted in that issue: a statement of the value of exchange work, the establishment of a few general principles to govern our exchange work and that of other exchange staffs that choose to adopt them.

Is the Exchange department in a college publication really worth while? Does it deserve the attention it receives and the space it occupies? These are important questions, and to answer them properly we must first find the answer to the two questions which they imply. "Does the exchange department have a definite purpose or function? Does it serve its purpose or perform its function satisfactorily?"

In our answer to the first question we maintain that exchange work has a very definite purpose. Its function is to offer an objective criticism

of an individual magazine, in order that the critic, the criticized, and those third parties who read the criticisms may benefit. The critic profits in that he recognizes the mistakes of the magazine he is reviewing and keeps them from appearing in his own, at the same time incorporating into his own publication those features which he has found admirable in his exchanges. The criticized benefits by having his mistakes brought glaringly into view so that he may correct them and his finer talents are made known to him that he may develop them still further. By a study of the criticism of magazines other than his own, the seeming outsider, who is neither criticized directly nor criticizing, but an individual on the staff of any publication not directly concerned in any particular appraisal, will have brought to his attention the existence of literary virtues and vices that he may have been practicing unwittingly and he is inspired to give them the treatment that they should receive. The benefits accruing to each of the three parties mentioned will help them to approach more closely the journalistic perfection that is their goal.

Whether or not the magazines concerned really enjoy these benefits that are potentially present in exchange work depends on whether or not this function of the exchange is satisfactorily performed. Without cooperation this performance cannot possibly be satisfactory. The end of exchange writing is a profit or benefit for the publications participating in an exchange program. Cooperation is a collective activity whose end is mutual profit and benefit. Cooperation then seems to be inherent in exchange work. With it we can accomplish a great deal. Without it we can do little good.

Cooperation then is our first goal. It forms the very bulwark of our whole program. Our success is directly proportionate to the degree of it which we attain. By an intensive development of cooperation in collegiate journalism we will greatly elevate the standards of our work and come closer to our unattainable ideal, perfection. A program of cooperation would consist in first of all carrying on exchanges with as many magazines as possible, examining these magazines thoroughly, noting for our own use the good and the bad characteristics in each, that we may develop them or eliminate them in our own publication, as the case may be. Secondly, we should offer our criticisms to the staffs of the magazines which we examine that they may improve the quality of their work. Finally, we owe it to the cause of collegiate journalism in general to make all our exchanges aware of the criticisms that we have made of publications besides their own that they may profit by the mistakes of others.

The first of these programs involves only an exchange of copies with other magazines, the examination of those received, and the adaptation of any ideas that may present themselves from such examination to our own journal. We alone benefit from this.

The second program goes further than this in that it also means that

we make a few select individual exchanges aware of the evaluation we have placed on their work and our reasons for this, by some type of correspondence. With the adoption of this plan we make it possible for a few outsiders to benefit from our exchange work.

But the good of these few is not enough, so we must go further. By the establishment of a department in our magazine devoted particularly to exchanges we make it possible for all the college staffs that come into contact with our magazine to improve the calibre of their own publication by applying to it the criticisms that they find leveled at other magazines.

It is plain to see after an examination of these three programs that the last one, involving the establishment of an exchange department is far more beneficial to the greatest number, and since we are concerned with the greatest good for the greatest number, we owe it to our cause to work for the establishment of such a department in every magazine. The size of this department and the attention devoted to it must of course vary in the cases of different magazines, but there is room for one in every college literary publication. It ought to be; therefore it is our fondest hope that it shall be.

Having established the truth of the statement that there should be an exchange department we find ourselves confronted with the question, "What qualities should a good exchange department possess?" We do not pretend to know all the qualities that should mark a high grade exchange column but we will name a few we find to be indispensable.

Foremost among these is the absence of "Glittering generalities." If we employ several wordy phrases that give no real evaluation of the work, we are wasting our time. Undeserved compliments do more harm than good, for they leave the criticized under the impression that he is doing fine work and has few if any faults that he might do well to correct. Let us avoid them by all means. Any exchange department that can do no more than placidly praise everything it reviews, whether the reviewed deserves it or not, cannot justify its existence.

Honest praise is worthy of real merit, if the reviewer will go on to prove the justice of his praise, and only then. If your criticism of a particular piece of work is adverse, and justly so, you have accomplished some good, but we can do far more by making that criticism constructive, that the offender may not only recognize his fault but may also learn how to correct it. That is real cooperation.

The value of honesty is well established, but the degree of honesty must vary. We cannot allow ourselves to become brutally frank, lest we do more harm than good, by discouraging some beginner entirely. Yet we cannot be too lenient for that might result in our inability to make the offender aware of his faults. Let us then attempt to temper justice with mercy, allowing neither to override the other.

In criticizing any particular article, story, or the like we should be

cognizant of the fact that it is composed, like everything else, of matter and form. Our criticism should concern itself with each of these component parts separately. First of all, we will offer an evaluation of the idea that the writer of any particular piece of work is attempting to convey, a statement of whether or not he was successful in this attempt; secondly, we shall be concerned with the literary value of the work from the point of view of proper expression of the idea, style, choice of words, editing, etc. These separate analyses need not be shown in the printed criticism, but they should be taken into consideration by the critic when he is attempting any type of general evaluation.

While on the subject of matter we wish to make the statement that we believe sincerely that every college literary publication should devote a proper share of its space to Departmental work, Editorials, Reviews, (of Books, Plays, Movies, Music, etc.), Exchanges, and any other departments which deserve a prominent place in our magazines. Let us see that they have it.

Another important consideration for any periodical is appearance. The staffs should choose the best paper possible and make every attempt to have their material well printed upon it. Plain type makes for easy reading. If a magazine is hard to read, a strain on the eyes, it will not be read. We owe it to our readers to make their task as pleasant as possible, at least from the physical point of view. More appeal can be created for our work too if we employ the use of art work as much as possible. Nothing is more conducive to a lack of appeal than several pages free from anything but printed lines. Elaborateness is not at all necessary. Simplicity might even be preferable. All that is needed is something to break the monotony of type and more type.

Let all exchange staffs remember that any part of any magazine they might have chosen for review is open to criticism, from the front cover to the advertisements in the back. The articles should be considered as to matter and form, propriety and timeliness; art work may be evaluated for quality and quantity. Editorial policies of some of our exchanges may be open to criticism. In short any detail that comes to our attention either as being particularly well handled or as needing improvement, should be mentioned.

The adoption of some of these principles will undoubtedly mean that there will be much more work to be done by the staffs of some magazines. We feel sure, however, that the amount of good that will accrue to them from participation in an active, broad exchange program will more than offset the difficulties which they might experience when first undertaking the program. We owe it to the cause of collegiate journalism, then, to attempt this work, that the standards of that journalism may reach a new high during this season of 1939-1940. Cooperation in the keynote! MEASURE will cooperate! Will you?

Book Reviews

Chosen Races, by Margaret Sothern. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1939, 377 pp.

In *Chosen Races*, an up-to-the-minute story, Margaret Sothern has produced another intensely interesting and pertinent novel. Written in modern, lively style, this book enters into life with a zest. The author achieves her purpose in the direct language of our day, yielding neither to prudishness nor yet to coarseness in her presentation of life. And she *does* present life—the real drama of life. Hers is not a What-fools-these-mortals-be attitude, but one of deep understanding, sympathy, and a fighting defense of the down-trodden and forgotten—the people of Germany and of God.

Miss Sothern portrays for us a Germany of reality, excluding, of course, any glamor of a great revival of their ancient civilization. Germany, in this book, is just plain Germany—ruled by an iron fist, tyrannized by a Hitler who is *not* a god. The Germans themselves are shown as they are, human, and desiring happiness, though for the present they must be content with the husks of pleasure thrown at them on great Field Days prescribed by the government. With the enthronement of the German State as Supreme Deity, most of these simple peasants have been bereft of a purpose in life. All their efforts go for the aggrandizement of the State, and they are left nothing of lasting value. So it is with the main characters of the book. Frida's mother is in the extremes of distraction, worrying about the terror of Bolshevism and the glory of a Germany to come, at the same time. Frida's sister, Lisa, a medical student, is content to follow the trend of the Hitler youth—toward complete satisfaction of any and all desires; she forgets her worries in the carnal revelry of the prescribed Carnivals. Frida herself stands all alone, torn between her inborn Faith on one hand and the insidious propaganda of the government on the other hand, not knowing her own soul, out of sheer confusion.

Then, into Frida's lonely, pointless life as a primary school-teacher steps a young man—a Jew, one of the race despised and proscribed by "all patriotic Germans." But when Frida could do naught but pity a tortured hedge-hog, her pity for a persecuted race of human beings could not be quenched by any High Command, much less her pity for a certain one who, besides being persecuted, was attractive. The story of their hectic romance and the difficulties ensuing from the German Government's frowning on any alliance between Aryan and non-Aryan fills the major portion of the novel. Before the novel completely closes,

we have a hopeful prophecy for the future of Germany in the person of Lisa, who undergoes a change of principles, and incidentally, a change of heart.

Raymond Knight.

The Splendour of the Liturgy, by Maurice Zundel. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1939, XII 308 pp.

Zundel's *The Splendour of the Liturgy* presents an interpretation or approach to the Liturgy of the Catholic Church. With an opening entitled *At the Spring of the Benedicite*, the author develops in the mold of that canticle a discussion of man's capacity for the infinite and his absolute dissatisfaction without it. So is laid the footing of mysticism and as a mystic Zundel proceeds through the Mass.

The concluding section of the work treats of such related themes as the mystery of the Cross with regard to its fruitfulness and its theology, the psalms, the spirit of religious vows.

Such is a slight resume of the contents. How was this matter presented? The subject of the book is a very delicate one and I would consider a proper and appealing presentation beset with many difficulties. If difficulties there be, several evidently proved insurmountable for this author. Many parts for lack of a better description I would call cumbersome. They are so penned that a great amount of concentration is absolutely necessary to avoid retreating repeatedly.

The interpretations here presented for different parts of the sacred liturgy are usually very satisfying when understood though this process of realization is often slowed up by that cumbersome expression referred to. The work offers many fine points for reflection and would serve as a meditation manual. The part by part unfolding of the Mass is effective because of the way the divisions are fixed, forming a tightened outline with which the mind can more simply grasp the whole. Textual citations from the mass were almost always very fittingly placed. However, many quotations of introits, secrets, and tracts seemed rather poor fits and superfluous.

That spirit of a mystic prevades the whole work. Mysticism is very fine and can be strongly appealing. In this later note the work at times is weak. When that stiff presentation is used, the loftier reflections lose their loveliness and their pursuit ceases to be a thankful task.

I cannot deny, however, that the final effect of the whole is edifying for one thing, a thought provoker for another, and in several places conducive to deeper appreciation of the part of liturgy under discussion. The payoff to the honest reader will not be in lively interest, but in thoughts.

Leo Gaulrapp.

Freshman Sketches

There is no adage, but we were all Freshmen at one time. If the Freshmen, themselves, and all readers will remember this, then most clearly will this reading of human life become clear and trenchant. These pages might be named after that play of Philip Barry, "The Youngest," and would be done so with the warmest regard.

CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

Homesick

Gosh, I'd like to see mother and dad, right now. I wonder what they're doing. I hope Pal doesn't miss me too much. I sure miss him, though.

Boy, what I wouldn't give for a bag of mother's oatmeal cookies, right now. Five hours between meals makes a person kind of hungry. A few thick slices of fresh-baked bread would taste good, too.

I hope Phyl's not going out with that new fellow, now that I'm gone. Of course, I can't expect her to refuse all dates just because I'm not around anymore, but that guy gives me a pain. He'd better not pull any wise ones, or I'll fix his clock.

I wish I were home. Just the thought of home gives me a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach. This place is all right, but I can see now that there's no place like home. The whole atmosphere around here is different. I suppose I'll get accustomed to it eventually, but right now, I can't help thinking how nice it is at home.

Well, I guess I'd better go over to the hall and write the folks a letter. I think I'll ask them to try to come down, next week end. It seems like ten years since I saw them last. And maybe I'd better ask mother to bring some oatmeal cookies along. There's nothing like oatmeal cookies to satisfy a fellow's appetite.



HOMESICK



C.P.

FIRST LETTER FROM HOME

First Letter From Home

P. S. We are sending a box of refreshments to the finest son in the world. They should arrive in just a few days. Incidentally, be sure to watch out for colds and other ailments. Use plenty of covers every night and don't get your feet wet. Maizie had a litter of pups Thursday and this has caused quite a disturbance around the house, for we don't know how to get rid of them. Your father wants to give them to the dog pound, but I won't have it. They would only be killed and I think it would be nicer to give them to people who would appreciate them. Margaret was over this morning and I told her she could have one. She said to send you her best regards and tell you she'll write in a short while.

Lovingly,

Mother.

Wrong Classroom

Now where is that Economic Geography classroom supposed to be? My class card said room 155, but there isn't any room 155 in this building. I wonder if it can be 135?

No, that's the Physics lab, I guess. Maybe it's 133. Let's see, room 133. Where is it? Oh, yes. But that can't be a lecture room. It looks more like a storeroom.

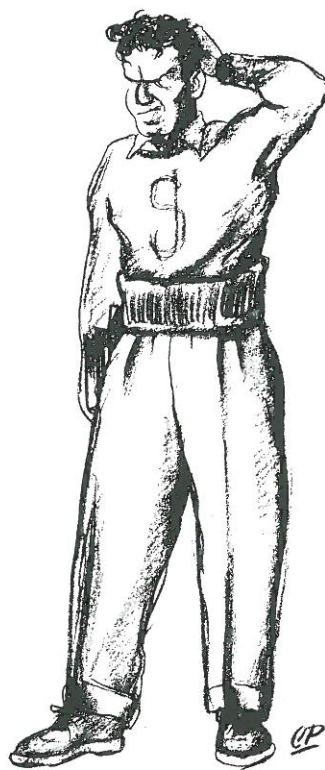
I guess I'd better take a look at my class card. That is, if I can find it. Now where did I put the darn thing? Oh, that's right, my shirt pocket. No, that's chewing gum and cigarettes. My trousers pocket? No, there's only change in this one. And not very much, at that. Aha, this is it. Aw, nuts. Only a letter from home.

Now where can the darned thing be? Doggone this business. No, that's a lot of junk, but my class card isn't with it. Well, I'll try the last pocket. If it isn't there, I'll just have to miss the class, I guess.

Hunh. Not there either. Hey, wait a minute. Here it is way down at the bottom. Now what is that room number?

Oh, 125, eh. Well, that's better. I finally found it.

Ho, hum. Now it begins.



WRONG CLASSROOM

Late for First Class

Late for first class. That's me all over. Why couldn't I get up on time, this morning? Here it is the first day of school and I'll probably get a cut.

Now let's see. What to tell the prof? Coming out and saying I forgot to wind my alarm clock last night won't do much good, I'm afraid. I'll have to think up a better one than that.

I could say that my shoestring broke and it took me a while to tie it. But no, maybe that won't work so well. I'll have to think of a better one.

I've got it. I'll tell him I set my alarm by one of the school clocks last night and it happened to be slow. That'll throw the entire blame on the school. And it won't be just an out and out lie because it did happen day before yesterday. That ought to get him, too. It won't be too much like the old oil, so he ought to believe it.

That's what I'll say. But I'd better be careful how I say it, or he'll know it's a phony. I'll just walk in nonchalantly and spill my story like it was the truest thing in the world.

Well, here goes.



LATE FOR FIRST CLASS

... 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

SHAKESPEARE.

Head down, arm outstretched, feet churning clouds of dust from the hard packed, mutilated earth, he races another ten yards before he is violently thrown to the ground beneath a swarm of yelling players. He clutches the ball tightly. His breath comes in gasps. The air feels like fire, piercing his lungs and reaching to the very bottom of his soul.

It is a cold, keen air, stabbing and exhilarating and stimulating. It is Autumn air, accompanied by Autumn wind and Autumn rain. The days are bleak, cold, hard. Sodden clouds and biting, nipping winds foretell all too clearly the coming of unrelenting Winter. Gone are the hot, humid days of July and August, and in their stead come crisp, cold, beautiful days which fire us with enthusiasm and spirit.

Here is a period when we feel like doing things, when the thought of starting work anew is a joy rather than a sorrow. Our very beings are filled with a new zest for living. We want to accomplish new feats, overcome new obstacles, strive harder for that elusive wraith called success. The effort alone is a stimulating exercise.

If only we could keep this feeling, this spirit, what a list of things we could accomplish. What goals we could attain. But human nature is such that although we realize what works for our ultimate good, we refuse to practice it. The result is that man gains only a small fraction of the happiness which could be his if only he would strive for it.



... 'TIS SPORT TO MAUL A RUNNER

SHAKESPEARE.

The Card Player

"Two spades." "Three hearts." "Three spades." Well, I got the bid. Now if only that guy who calls himself my partner will have enough sense to take the diamond trick first.

Attaboy, Joe, that was a good lead. Hey, who's talking across the table. Nuts. If I can't say a little thing like that, it's just too bad. Who do you think you are, anyway?

Aw, rats. I thought he'd do that. Now we've lost three tricks on account of that dumb play. Why'd I pick him for a partner, anyway?

Well, we can still make our bid, if Joe isn't dopey enough to play this one wrong. Careful, Joe. I—. Okay, I'm sorry. I just forgot, that's all.

I wonder if a good hefty kick will make that guy lead the ace. If it doesn't, we're sunk. Well, he finally took the hint. Now, maybe we can get somewhere.

At last. Now that those birds haven't got any more spades, we've got 'em in the palm of our hand. We can't lose, now.

Aw, rats. Whoever thought he'd pull a dumb stunt like that? There goes the game. Here I had the best hand anybody would ever want to get and that guy muffs it for me. That's the last straw.

Well, I guess I'll quit. You guys may do all right with your grades, but you've sure got bum brains for cards.



THE CARD PLAYER

Critical Notes

PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

The good work of the Legion of Decency as an aid to the problems of moviedom has been estimated before. We can only add our own simple and sincere acclaim.

But there is a crying need for some kind of legion of artistic criticism of the huge output of Hollywood. That beauty has lighted up our screens on numerous occasions is undeniable; that artists have aided in the making of cinema is just as clear. Our thought is of the many lapses both great and small which have occurred in the name of good art, but which were in reality only bows to the money-till. Such things as the wrenching of *Winterset* into the form of a comedy, the insulting addition of an altar and wedding-bells to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—these are examples of some of the cases in question. Any fearless critic with the necessary fundamentals in the work of criticism should be able to make an appreciable contribution to the public appraisal of Hollywood.

I believe that Catholic college journals could aid their writing students by giving them an opportunity to express such honest opinions.

* * *

In another portion of this journal is an article on the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park in New York City. This treatise makes clear a generalization which might be added here.

The amount of Catholicity hidden away in our Art Museums is amazing. Almost all the masterpieces which came into being before the Great Revolution are steeped in the traditions of Catholic culture, often in the mysteries of the Faith. And each of these, Madonnas, Saints, Figures of the Passion, are awaiting the deeper and richer interpretation of a Catholic mind. Often the catalogues which describe these works speak only of the technique of the handling, for the writers and the world from which they came have lost contact with the well-spring which was the inspiration of these pictures.

The case is quite evident. Michelangelo's *The Creation of Adam* is given its greatest meaning when it is seen in the light of the nature and importance of an immortal soul. Raphael's Madonnas breathe with complete life when we are conscious of the Motherhood of Our Lady. The reasoning behind it all is unmistakable: we appreciate an artist most when we grasp and feel his artistic concept and emotion; when these are religious and Catholic, our duty is clear.

The question: could there be some Catholic young men and women who would interpret for the world the Catholic meanings in the treasury of art?